

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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AUGUST CIRCULATION. 53,993. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: D. W. Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of August, 1915, was 53,993.

D. W. WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 30 day of September, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Thought for the Day. Selected by Mrs. W. H. Russell.

The reward is in keeping the commandments, not for keeping them.—Lydia Maria Childs.

Stand up for Nebraska! Stand up for Omaha! Don't forget that tomorrow is Omaha day at the State fair.

A few more flags displayed by the business houses on Omaha's festive occasions would not hurt.

"Once a ball player, always a ball player," as witness the futility of "Billy" Sunday riding himself of the base ball germ.

It was kind in Rev. "Billy," just the same, to put us newspapers and its editors in his prayer ahead of the newspaper readers.

Dame Nature will be wise if she defers selecting fall colors and style, until King Ak-Sar-Ben arrives with the opulence of a fixed rainbow.

Maintaining peace among the Friends of Peace throughout a fierce vocal battle is another triumph for conversation as a first aid treatment.

Collier's specially commissioned cross-continent auto tourist gives Omaha a grand send off. Thanks for the boost, though, of course, we are thoroughly convinced that we fully deserve it.

Nearly a thousand names on the teachers' list for the Omaha public schools. They will make some petition in boots if it ever comes to the point where they take a notion to swoop down on the School board in a body.

"Made in Omaha" means that it's made by well-paid, intelligent men and women like those who marched in our Labor day parade—by men and women who help to make Omaha the up-to-date, progressive, good town that it is.

Colonel Bryan congratulates President Wilson "upon the successful settlement of the submarine controversy." While the colonel's pen fashions smiles of this character the call for a government department of humor is premature.

With the exposition mortgage off its mind and burned up, San Francisco should give instant attention to adequate fire protection for people quartered in frame fire traps. Two tragedies with the loss of nine lives in ten days is a sorrowful price to pay for a necessary public awakening.

Senator Sherman of Illinois is quoted as denouncing the utterances of Colonel Roosevelt with reference to the administration's attitude in European war matters. If Senator Sherman is not careful he will find his name on the ball-pose blacklist of unacceptable presidential candidates.

One million dollars of Henry Ford's fortune goes to support the campaign against militarism in the United States. John Wanamaker indicates his purpose to contribute liberally to the cause. With these long rolls buttressing Andrew Carnegie's fund, it is quite evident the American Security league must be up and doing all the time if it expects to get anywhere.

Thirty Years Ago. This Day in Omaha.

The second day of the Omaha fair and exposition suffered again from adverse elements. Interest is increasing in the forthcoming races, however, and the sale of pools has been opened at the Paston as well as at the tracks.

N. H. Warren gives notice that he has withdrawn from the stock commission firm of A. T. O'Hara & Co., doing business at South Omaha.

The hackmen and cabbies occupy the choice place at the depot now, while the poor expressioners are driven out into the mud.

J. H. Lehman & Co. are offering their fall and winter stock of dry goods, just received at their "New York Dry Goods Store."

A big delegation of old soldiers is attending the state reunion and encampment at Beatrice.

Mrs. Ida M. Kendrick, who has been visiting relatives here, left for her home in St. Louis.

J. U. DeWitt of Cheney, Ind., is the guest of Mrs. T. L. Raymond on Sherman avenue.

Civil Service Pensions.

The question of pensions for civil service employes of the government is again uppermost at the session of the national convention of mail carriers in Omaha. It vitally concerns not alone the mail men, but all those who are on the government payroll in appointive positions, whether it be federal, state, county or city. The extension of the merit system to cover public employes has had the effect of establishing the permanency of employment, and making the holder of the job as independent of the vicissitudes of politics as may be. In only one material way may his present position be vastly improved, and that is by the establishment of a pension system, to which the older and disabled members of the force may be retired.

The question has been up for debate for a long time, and much has been said for and against it. Chief of the arguments in favor of the establishment of the pension roll is that the service does not permit of advance beyond a fixed limit, and that the pay is not such as to ensure a liberal competence, even by exercise of extraordinary thrift. The result of this condition is that men cling to the payroll as long as possible, and when removed by cause other than death or misbehavior, they are worn out, either by work or mishap. To be protected against an old age of penury is what the civil service employe asks of the government. Against the pension, the most frequent and potent argument is that it discourages thrift. The employe whose future is fixed by the government will not be as prudent with his own affairs as if he knew himself to be dependent on his own efforts.

Details of the plan need not be discussed now. That the principle has been adopted in Omaha as to school teachers, firemen and policemen, indicates a strong local presumption in favor of pensions for government employes. This mail carriers are among friends, so far as this part of their work is concerned, as well as on all others.

Great Day for Cheering.

Labor day was a field day for enthusiasm everywhere in this glorious land, but nowhere did personal vim rise to higher tide than in Chicago, where the "Friends of Peace" held their first annual convention. These devotees of a great cause shouted loud and long for almost everybody on the map, except the Kaiser and King George. Congressman Volmer was cheered for roasting the president because of his foreign policy, and William Jennings Bryan was cheered for defending the man he deserted. Apparently, the delegates were so strong for peace they would have cheered even for T. R., had some one brought him to the front as a topic for a laudatory address. For some reason Congressman Barthold ducked the meeting, and thereby missed out on an ovation that would have lightened his path during the tedium of the coming session of congress, nor was our senator present to press his cause and get his share of the plaudits. The convention overlooked the embargo issue, but the resolutions adopted indicate a willingness to keep the peace and help all others do it. The question as to whether the cause of peace has been forwarded is open, but it is very sure that no munition factories will be closed as the result of the gathering.

Great Britain's Latest Invasion.

Great Britain's latest invasion of the United States is impressive enough, and in time will come to receive the attention it deserves. Just now it is likely to be passed over as an incident in the course of a stupendous political and economic upheaval that involves the world in its cataclysmic manifestation. One hundred and eighty millions in gold and gilt-edged American securities have come from London to New York within a fortnight, the richest of modern eras, to buoy up the credit of the Allies in their business transactions with the manufacturers of the United States. In time of peace such a demonstration of actual wealth would be unnecessary, but conditions now prevailing require the immediate presence of the cash. To some degree this situation is prophetic of what must follow the end of the war, for international credit will yet be disturbed, and Europe's great nations will find the effects of their present debauch of destruction a heritage for generations yet to come.

Nebraska's Tax Roll.

According to the figures furnished from the taxing board at the state house, the total wealth of Nebraska foots up to almost two and one-half billions of dollars. This total is probably not very far under the actual wealth of the state, but it is not very impressively set forth. Mere bigness of figures is not especially desirable, yet even normal modesty will warrant the truth being told, and the world is not aware of our state habit of dividing our possessions by five in order to obtain a basis for the tax levy. For this reason the array of figures as published is likely to give a distorted impression of the true situation in Nebraska. For example, it will be rather embarrassing to have strangers think we possess only \$4,000,000 worth of household goods for the accommodation of a million and a quarter of well-housed inhabitants. Nor is it likely that the roll sets forth the exact conditions as regards any division of our wealth, but so long as the present method prevails, so long will certain discrepancies and inequalities exist. The difficult problem of devising a satisfactory method for valuing property for taxation purposes is still unsolved.

The Bryan plan of drafting for the first line of defense, in case of war, all editors who advocate war lacks the broad national reach of the American party program put forth in Iowa. This calls for a popular vote on the question of war, every ballot carrying the name of the voter, and should a majority favor war, those so voting would be required to do the fighting. An admirable method. It would prevent editors monopolizing the glory of war and give every citizen eager for a scrap an opportunity to shoot as he voted.

Chicago reports a messenger number of enlistments for the coming military training camp at Fort Sheridan. Where thousands were expected, less than 200 so far have turned in their names. Considering the zeal of the promoters, the paucity of voluntary enlistments painfully jolts the influence of vocal patriots.

New York to Frisco by Auto With Stop-Over at Omaha

WHAT EVER made you think of taking such a trip? I had to think a moment. "The advertisements more than anything else. They were all so optimistic; they went to my head." New York to San Francisco for \$25? Go to the exposition in a Z-car? Travel luxuriously from your own door through unsurpassed scenery, and over the world's greatest highway, to the Pacific shore, until it began to seem rather a delight that the good roads of Europe were closed. One question, however, we could not answer, and it was the most important question of all—whither route were we going to take? We had no idea, and no idea how to find out.

The 1914 Blue Book was out of print, the new one for this year not yet issued. I went to the office of the A. A. A. at a wrong hour and found it, naturally, closed. Meanwhile we applied to various information bureaus—some of those whose advertisements had sounded so encouraging—but their personal answers were more optimistic than definite. At the Automobile club, a very polite young man was answering questions with a facility altogether fascinating. "I would like to know the best route to San Francisco," he said suavely. "We have got all our information yet, and we seem to be out of our western maps! But I can recommend some very delightful tours through New England and the Berkshires." "But, you see, San Francisco is where I am going. Do you know which route is, if you prefer it, the best?" "Oh, I see." He looked sorry. "If you must cross the continent, there is the Lincoln highway!"

Once outside, however, the feasibility of taking our road as we came to it did not seem very practical, so I went to Brentano's to buy some maps. They showed me a large one of the United States with four routes crossing it equally black and straight and alluring. I was deciding upon the one through the Allegheny mountains to Pittsburgh and St. Louis when two women I knew came in, one of them Mrs. Z., a conspicuous hostess in the New York social world, and a Californian by birth. "The very person I need," I thought. "She knows the country thoroughly and her idea of comfort and mine would be the same."

"Can you tell me," I asked her, "which is the best road to California?" "Without hesitating she replied: 'The Union Pacific.' 'No, I mean motor road.' Compared with her expression the worst skeptic I had encountered were enthusiasts. "Motor road to California!" She looked at me pityingly. "It can't be difficult; the Lincoln highway goes straight across." "In an imaginary line like the equator?" She pointed at the map that was opened on the counter. "Once you get across the river, the road is just straight as a string. This district along here by the Platte river is wild and dangerous, full of the most terrible people, outlaws and 'bad men' who would think nothing of killing you if they were drunk and felt like it. There isn't any hotel. Tell me, where do you think you are going to stop?" "I began to feel uncertain and let down, but I said: 'Hundreds have motored across!'" "Hundreds and thousands of people have done things that a kid ought to do," she snorted. "If you really wanted to go! By and by, maybe, if they ever build the roads and put up good hotels, but even then it would be deadly dull."

As a last resort I returned to the A. A. A. This time the touring authority was at his desk. "I would like to know whether it will be possible for me to go from here to San Francisco by motor?" "Sure, it's possible! Why isn't it?" "I have been told the roads are dreadful and the accommodations worse." "The roads are all right," he accented "roads." "I was wondering if there were hotels—'" "And what if there aren't? Splendid open, dry country; won't hurt anyone to sleep out a night or two. It'd do you good! A doctor'd charge you money for that advice. I'm giving it to you free!"

Where, oh, where is the west that easterners dream of—the west of Bret Harte's stories, the scenes depicted in the moving pictures? We have gone half the distance across, and all this while we might be anywhere at home. Omaha is a perfectly "eastern" city, and the Potomac is a lovely, big, new up-to-date hotel, so attractive that we are going to stay over a day and luxuriate in our rooms. The river is coffee-colored and Council Bluffs is not at all like the Palisades of the Hudson, as we had imagined, but a high bill back of the city with the "best residences" on it. In most eastern cities automobiles are chased away as though they were loitering tramps; they have to keep moving along. In Omaha there are nice little chalked-off parking places in the street where "Motors can stand undisturbed. I wish New York and Boston would follow their example. All of Omaha society seems to come to the Fontenelle to dine, just as we in New York go to Sherry's or the Ritz. They came in motors and parked them all down the street. In Omaha, too, we saw the first evidence of fashion—dresses that looked like walking pages out of various women's magazines. Indeed, they were too much dressed. A really well-dressed New York woman seldom, and a French woman never, gives the impression of being especially dressed up. She looks as though she happened to put on a black dress or a white one, but never as though she had put on the black or the white one!

"It is all very well, of course; you have had fine hotels and good roads so far, but wait until you come to North Platte!" That is the substance of what everyone has said to us. Why, I wonder, does everyone pick out North Platte any more than any other of the places? It began with Mrs. Z. in New York. Her point of view, of course, is rather effete, so it does not bother us much. But in Chicago, too, the people riddled us for having to go to North Platte. And when a drummer downstairs said: "I guess you won't like the hotels at North Platte either," it got on our nerves. I asked the drummer if he had been there, and he said: "No; no one ever stays in North Platte except the railroad men—they have to!" (That is the one unexplained phase about the question—no one that we have seen has personally been there.)

Of all the boggy stories, perhaps if we had imagined that we were going to find a Blackstone or a Fontenelle we would have been bitterly disappointed; but, compared to some other hotels along the Lincoln highway, the Union Pacific in North Platte is a haven of delectability. As a matter of fact, it is an other-colored wooden railroad station, with a regular railroad lunch counter, a rather bare office, and perfectly decent, clean bedrooms upstairs. It is not a place where one would care to stay very long, but it is patronized by railroad men, and there are no loafers or drunkards hanging about. If one had never to put up with anything harder than spending a night in North Platte, no one need hesitate to cross the country on that account. There was one exceptionally bad hotel; the next day we passed another hotel a little further on that looked better.

The roads are quite up to specifications in good weather, and an engine capable of speed could cover much of the distance in racing time. But the speed laws that we were going to find at Blackstone or a Fontenelle we would have been bitterly disappointed; but, compared to some other hotels along the Lincoln highway, the Union Pacific in North Platte is a haven of delectability. As a matter of fact, it is an other-colored wooden railroad station, with a regular railroad lunch counter, a rather bare office, and perfectly decent, clean bedrooms upstairs. It is not a place where one would care to stay very long, but it is patronized by railroad men, and there are no loafers or drunkards hanging about. If one had never to put up with anything harder than spending a night in North Platte, no one need hesitate to cross the country on that account. There was one exceptionally bad hotel; the next day we passed another hotel a little further on that looked better.



'For Rent' Signs and 'Overbuilding.' OMAHA, Sept. 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: The other morning I was riding with a land merchant and a representative of an organization of capital. Said the land merchant: "Let me tell you, John, without our friend hearing it, that 'for rent' signs are becoming too plentiful in Omaha." John very solemnly answered, "You are right. Omaha is becoming overbuilt. People are leaving old houses and demanding new ones." I ventured an explanation, when John remarked, "I did not think I was going to start a single tax discussion."

For the benefit of all let me say that you cannot speak of "for rent" signs and "overbuilding" in the presence of a single taxer without starting something. So listen to a few facts. Omaha has been singularly free of "for rent" signs for many years. If you do not wish to see it join the Denver and St. Louis class in this respect, listen:

Capital and labor unite to produce wealth. The primary essential for them both is land. Neither can do a turn without land. The land is owned by a few. Therefore both must pay tribute to those few. The more enterprising they become the greater becomes the demand for land. Consequently the higher will rise land values and rent. The greater must then become the tribute paid to the land owner, and the less will be the reward to both capital and labor. This is a plain and palpable truth, but one which organizations of capital, in their ignorance, ignore; one which, in its ignorance, organized labor does not see.

To those who believe (and I am one of them) that Billy Sunday will improve the moral tone of Omaha, let me say: If he does it will stimulate local enterprise. It will encourage people to come here. Omaha will grow. Land values and rents will rise. Both capital and labor will pay still higher tribute to the owner of the land. Finally the strain will reach the breaking point. Decline will commence. Then what will become of the moral tone? It must decline, too. For a laborer who is hungry cannot view moral principles in the same light as when he is well fed. Oh, if Billy Sunday, with his great influence, could but grasp these fundamental economic truths. He would then think a little more about aiding in the building of an economic foundation upon which might rest a religious and moral structure more enduring. For the souls of men will never be reached and purified, and so maintained so long as there remains a struggle for existence.

L. J. QUINBY.

Ways of Coining Money.

OMAHA, Sept. 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: Mr. Meyer says "Billy Sunday saves souls and coins money for Billy." The interests Mr. Meyer represents send souls to hell and coin money by so doing. If you doubt the former, visit our falls, the poor farms and the drunkards' homes, and to satisfy yourself as to the latter look up the addresses of the liquor dealers' homes and see how they coin money.

Psychology of "Billy" Sunday.

OMAHA, Sept. 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: Many people do not believe in revealed religion—that is, that even on earth God revealed himself in person to man. "Billy" Sunday dislikes Darwin and the teachings of evolution, psychology as a science, the Unitarians and for some reason he is not particularly enamored of the Lutherans and some other sects. Charles Darwin died in 1882, about the time the writer lived in London. He tried hard also to hear his great disciple, Thomas Huxley, but failed, but did have the pleasure of listening to an address by Herbert Spencer. It is upon the researches of Darwin in anthropology, or the study of man, that the great system of philosophy of Spencer is built. The writer also at the age of 11, and for eight years, was brought up in a high church Episcopalian school at Racine, Wis., under a good man, Dr. DeKoven, or what "Billy" Sunday might say: "Trained in as high or ritualistic church of that denomination as they make them."

With all due deference to the followers of Confucius, of Zoroaster, Gautama, Buddha, Mohamet, Mr. Eddy and the Jehovah of the Jews; the heathen god, Moloch and Ball of the Old Testament, and the Great Spirit of the American Indian, in the writer's humble opinion there never was a religion to compare with the simple teachings of the meek and lowly Jesus, made complex and uncertain by the dogmas of the church in an after day, and that he never taught. In no literature is there anything comparable to the unselfishness and humility of the beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," and the others. Then the other saying of his life, like unto "Call no man master, for ye are all brothers." Then to paraphrase like "Billy" Sunday often does: "And when ye pray use not vain repetitions as the pagans do, for they think they shall be heard for their much talking. Be ye not therefore like unto them, for your Father knoweth the things ye are in need of without your talking so much about it." "Woe unto you that teach creeds and dogmas and deny justice, ye that strain at a gnat and swallow a camel! Ye appear outwardly holy, but within ye are full of profit, envy and plunder. Ye are like unto whitened sepulchres and indeed appear beautiful without, but within are full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness, outwardly righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity."

Democracy is the best form of government known to man. It is far from perfect, but it is the best we can do with poor human nature, as witness the slaughter in European monarchies. So too is Christianity the best, but it is far from perfect in this fantastic world of ours. St. Paul, who was one of the twelve apostles—it is thought by some was too enthusiastic and got the teaching of Jesus much distorted. He taught that slaves should obey their masters and women their husbands and the inference is whether they were right or wrong. To many this does not seem Christian and especially to the suffragettes. Three hundred years after Christ the Christians were a power to be reckoned with and the pagan emperor of Rome, Constantine, adopted Christianity, and which some think was not very hard for him to do as long as such a loophole had crept in as "slaves obey your masters," which was what was wanted by an emperor.

To see "Billy" Sunday's kindly face one realizes that he will do Omaha no harm and maybe a lot of good, but he, too, may be too enthusiastic and too garrulous for human nature is a thing called "finding out," psychologically or otherwise, but the truth will all come out one of these days in the wash of time. He invites us all to fight the benighted heathen: is a militarist, or church militant

OUR SCHOOL ARMY.

The school bells are ringing all over the land. Calling our army, the great children band. Now tell me, ye critics, did you ever hear a sound that contains more music and cheer. A rhythm more joyous, a cadence more sweet. Than the merry old school bell, the tramping of feet. The voices of children, their laughter and shout. As through the wide gateway they pass in a line. With bright, shining faces and quick, willing feet. When they've tasted of knowledge and found the fruit sweet?

The rich tree of knowledge has scattered its fruit. And the armies of children are now in pursuit. Down the smooth, easy road, all flooded with light. Each new turn disclosing fresh fields of delight. Their minds are unfolding by work and by play. Gleaming, absorbing and storing away. They are learning the value of courage and right. They are learning to conquer by kindness, not might; They are learning to do with hands and with brain. On this broad road to knowledge they're treading again.

New recruits each year, with banner unfurled. Take the first step from babyhood into the world. The wagon and doll are left where they lay. For the school bell has called the kiddies away. From the shelter of home, to the great wide unknown. Where they timidly venture for first time alone. Still others draw near where their roads shall divide. And each on his own future way must decide. Then a little more sober, a little less free. They become, as life's path spreads out at their feet.

The rich and the poor, the strong and the weak. The wilful and passionate, the mild and the meek. With scientists, statesmen and authors untold. And heroes and leaders of men are enrolled. As blossoms that bloom on a great apple tree. The ripe fruit whereof no one can forego. Here under one banner, and under one rule. On equality's plane, the great public school. Our wonderful army, the vast children band. —DAVID RITCHIE.

FAUST SPAGHETTI. The Nation's Health Dish. VERY few foods can compare with Faust Spaghetti from the standpoint of nutrition and "lightness." Weight for weight, Faust Spaghetti is more nutritious than meat. If we cut down a deal on the latter and eat Faust Spaghetti oftener, we will live better and cheaper. Large package, 10c. Write for free recipe book. MAULL BROS. St. Louis, U. S. A.

Better Service to St. Paul and Minneapolis. Our new schedules effective August 22, 1915, still further improve Great Western service to St. Paul and Minneapolis. Our Twin City Limited the "get-there-first" train, will carry beside through sleepers, chair cars and coaches, a brand new steel-Buffer-Club car through in both directions. NEW SCHEDULE. Read Down. 8:30 P. M. Lv. Omaha Ar. 7:10 A. M. 8:50 P. M. Lv. Co. Bluffs Ar. 6:50 A. M. 7:30 A. M. Ar. St. Paul Lv. 7:55 P. M. 8:05 A. M. Ar. Minneapolis Lv. 7:25 P. M. Notice the early morning arrival in Twin Cities and the improved return schedule. Day train leaves Omaha 7:29 a. m., Council Bluffs 7:50 a. m., and arrives St. Paul 7:40 p. m., Minneapolis 8:15 p. m. Through first class coaches and cafe Club Car—NO CHANGE OF CARS. Under the new schedule Chicago train leaves Omaha 3:45 p. m. and arrives Dubuque 3:01 a. m., Chicago 7:50 a. m. For full details of Great Western service call on or phone P. F. HONORDEN, C. F. & T. A., 1522 Farnam St., Omaha. Phone Douglas 260. Chicago Great Western (Emphasize the "Great")

Persistence is the cardinal virtue in advertising; no matter how good advertising may be in other respects, it must be run frequently and constantly to be really successful.